

AUGUST 1939

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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You need not love animals to feel the obligation to protect them from injustice and suffering.

No animal may rise up at last in judgment against the man who has ill-treated him, but the deed will be there to be reckoned with.

These are times that call for courage, cheer and a sane optimism. The world will yet sit down and stop rocking the boat. Suppose we talk occasionally, when we meet, of our hopes instead of our fears.

If, as Herbert Spencer says, the emotions are the masters and the intellect the servant, one may well wonder how many of the millions now being given to our colleges will be devoted to the education of the masters and how many to the servant. It was not a college professor, but still a wise man, who said, "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

"Wherever there is an unfortunate," wrote Lamartine, "God sends a dog." "And certainly," says one of his biographers, "few men have loved dogs as he did, or understood them more thoroughly." Of a dog who came to him once on a dreary day of his self-imposed exile in Switzerland, he said: "After being adopted by this dog my solitude ceased. He never left me; we loved each other, we talked, we slept, together. He divined me and I understood him."

The *British Columbia Teacher*, a most interesting and carefully edited periodical, quotes, from an article which appeared in the April number of *School Science and Mathematics*, published in Menasha, Wisconsin, that "the care and handling of pets is one of the most popular science activities in the elementary grades."

If this is true, as we judge it is, of all the schools in Wisconsin, that State is doing a fine piece of work in the way of humane education.

"Dumb?"

HAVE we all blundered when we have said "dumb animals?" Recently we read that "this phrase betrays more ignorance of the life around us than any other ever invented by our race." The word "dumb" seems to come from an old root which meant dull or stupid, then unable to use articulate speech. It is in this latter sense that men have used it with reference to animals. No one has thought of the word as describing animals as mute, or silent, or powerless to utter sounds, or as unable to convey to one another in many cases their various emotions, fears, desires, satisfactions. The mare who whinnies for her colt, or the cow who lows for her calf, so far as articulate speech as we know it is concerned, is dumb; just as one is dumb who cannot speak, though he may produce sounds which those who know him can understand. If by being dumb you mean that an animal can make no sound or convey no idea or impression, then, of course, it is most stupid to speak of it as dumb. If, however, you use the word as it has been used from time immemorial, in Shakespeare, Milton, and our English Bible, you will not wonder that Mr. Angell, when he founded the first magazine devoted to the welfare of our speechless fellow creatures, called it *Our Dumb Animals*.

Bullfighting at the World's Fair

A letter from the chairman of the Amusement Control Committee of the World's Fair, now being held in New York, tells us that no bullfights, whether mock bullfights or those of any other character, will be permitted at the Fair. A statement, therefore, made over the radio sometime ago by Sidney Franklin must have been made entirely without warrant and without any authority from those having the Fair in charge.

A Great Investment

NO lover of his country can better invest his money for his country's future than to put it into the work of humane education. Lawlessness, violence, strife, strikes, lockouts, boycotts, class animosities—these symptoms of a diseased social order were never so common this side the sea as today. The war was, in part, responsible for this. War never leaves behind it any higher ideal of civic righteousness than that which preceded it; rather does it dwarf all the ideals with which men entered into it.

Leave out of our public schools a large part of what now consumes the time of teacher and pupil and quicken in the hearts of the scholars the idea of justice, fair play, humanity, and human kinship, and not only will the future of the country be safeguarded from many a peril, but our children will be educated in things that are really fundamental and vital in character and life. This is humane education.

The Dog in Connecticut

THERE must be lovers of dogs not only in the State of Connecticut but in its Legislature. A law has just been passed which says that whoever injures or kills a dog on the highway shall immediately stop, do what he can to relieve its suffering, notify the owner if possible, (if not, the police) giving full particulars. While no penalty seems to be attached to a violation of this law, it is understood that the owner can notify his insurance company at once and collect for the value of the dog.

Here in Massachusetts, for any conviction of that sort, the Registrar of Motor Vehicles is very apt to take away the license of the driver for a certain period. One might well wish that the Connecticut law had some penalty attached to any willful or careless violation of this law.

Read about Executing Your Own Will—an Annuity Plan on the back page of this issue.

In Praise of the Mule

LOIS BOYD

THE Congress of the United States decided on May 29, 1939, that aged army mules should pass their remaining days in green pastures with food and care provided in return for the good they had done, thus annulling the former practice of selling worn-out army mules and horses to the highest bidder.

Can it be that this congressional action is a straw in the wind to show that at last the ornery, stubborn mule is coming into favor and good repute?



"LADDIE" AND "JINNY"

The American government was not the first to officially pay its debt to this humble beast. In 1937 the Italian government erected a statue in one of the main parks in Rome in honor of the services rendered by the mule to the Italian forces on the Alpine front during the World War and for his later assistance in the tropical heat and parched deserts of Ethiopia. The mule on the pedestal bears a 65 millimeter anti-aircraft gun on his back and so symbolizes the usefulness of mules in warfare.

Army men have often extolled the mule for his faithfulness, sure-footedness and great strength, as well as his ability to carry on under adverse circumstances. General Grant was usually calm and cool and, some thought, hard-hearted but during the Battle of the Wilderness when he saw a teamster beating a team of mules he let loose a perfect tirade of wrath upon the man and gave orders that the man himself should be beaten with his own whip.

General Pershing pays tribute to the army mule in these words: "You can pack him, drive him, or ride him; you can starve him, beat him and neglect him; you can do all sorts of things to him that you cannot do to an automobile, and he will be there just as long as he has four legs to walk on."

As if all this praise was not enough to tickle the vanity of the most contrary mule,

the Department of Agriculture in a recent animal survey states that this hybrid offspring of an ass and a horse is the most valuable farm animal in the United States at the present time. The average mule is worth \$118, while his equine cousin, the horse, averages \$84; the cow \$56; the hog \$11; and the chicken 70 cents. A good work-horse may be purchased for as little as \$50, but a good mule will cost three times that amount and a matched team of mules often brings \$500.

The horse population of the United States in 1938 was 10,800,000, a drop of three per cent from the preceding year and the smallest number ever recorded. The stubborn mule seems to cling to life more successfully than the horse, for its numbers declined only one per cent, to 4,383,000. Eighty per cent of American mules are found on southern farms.

It is often said that George Washington introduced the mule to this nation, but we know now that there were already a few of these animals in this country when Washington heard of them through some British friends and became interested in the possibility of breeding such animals on his farms. The King of Spain sent him "Royal Gift," a jack, and, later, Lafayette sent him "Knight of Malta," a jack, and two jennies. With these he propagated. On December 4, 1778, he wrote: "The Spanish jack seems calculated to breed for heavy slow draught; the others for the saddle or lighter carriages. From these, altogether, I hope to secure a race of extraordinary goodness, which will stock the country. Their longevity and cheap keeping will be circumstances much in their favor. I am convinced, from the experiments I have made with the ordinary mules (which perform as much labor, with vastly less feeding than horses), that those of a superior quality will be the best cattle we can employ for the harness; and indeed, in a few years, I intend to drive no other in my carriage."

Perhaps the First Farmer of America let his enthusiasm run away with him, at least there is no record that he ever rode behind or aback any steed of his own except the offspring of his great Arabian stallion, "Magnolia." The inventory of his estate, however, showed 60 mules included among the live stock. Perhaps Washington would rejoice to know that the number of mules foaled in 1938 was the greatest in the last ten years.

The Jack London Club acknowledges the receipt of 411 new names of members from Cincinnati, to be added to 600 previously received. These enrollments are sent by Gertrude E. M. Julian of that city.

We are glad to report that in Massachusetts the keeping of captured animals at roadside stations is something rarely seen today compared with years ago. Though we have never been able to secure a law prohibiting this practice, public opinion has pretty largely made it of practically no value as an advertisement.

Donkey

He carried bricks in Babylon, and corn and wine and oil

In Egypt, Persia, China and the Thracian Chersonese;

He followed Mongol raiders with the forage and the spoil,

His neat black hoofs went clicking down the mountain-ways of Greece.

The bullock, horse and elephant are famed for mighty loads,

And famous is the camel of the shifting desert sands;

But, servant of our servants, on the roads that were no roads,

The little ass has packed for us the freight of all the lands.

Along the ancient highways and across the western plains,

Through forests, swamps and rivers where the current foamed and swirled,

In caravans, in multitudes, in long ear-bobbing trains,

His patient tribe has borne for us the burdens of the world.

And still with wicker panniers and an urchin on his rump

To keep the balance even and to hold his hind legs down,

To building site, or market place, or village water pump

He makes his endless pilgrimage, he toils without renown.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN in *Saturday Evening Post*



"PEGGY"

Mule Day is celebrated the first Monday of April each year in Columbia, Tennessee. Tribute to the hard-working hybrid is given.

Pictures on this page received honorable mention in recent photo contest conducted by *Our Dumb Animals*.

I Heard a Robin Sing

SALVATORE MARSIGLIA

This beautiful poem was written for a friend whose life had been an almost continual round of sorrow. We learn from the author that his friend first lost his wife, then his only two children. Sometime later, his home, and his position. From then on, he seemed to have dropped to a point where bitterness and hatred had taken the place of his former blitheness and happiness. Some time later the author met his friend who said to him: "I heard a song the other day . . . a song of almost incomparable loveliness. It made me realize how foolish I've been all this time. I know I lost practically everything I had. I had even lost my faith in the world. Well, I regained that faith, and I'm starting all over again with a smile on my lips . . . not a curse. And I think I owe it all to that song." (EDITOR).

*I heard a robin sing,
I know not where:
But suddenly there went
All mortal care,
And I was left alone
With joy so great
To wonder at the song
That bested hate.*

*Oh, Lord, I cried aloud
To earth and sky,
That such can conquer strife,
A bird's gay cry . . .
In all these many years,
Of woe and grief,
I ne'er have truly found
Joy or relief.*

*The birds that fly aloft
And fill the air
With angelic voices
Of beauty fair.
They are the balm I need
To light my way;
A robin's song has changed
My life, today.*

Friends in Need

M. H. MORGAN

A RECENT *Commentator Magazine* declares that insect pests in this country cause millions of dollars in loss every year. The Mexican boll weevil, it says, costs cotton-growing sections from 100 million to 150 million dollars annually; the codling moth destroys over 12 million dollars' worth of fruit trees yearly; while the "aggregate loss from other insect pests to farm crops alone in the United States totals a sum greater than the entire cost of education."

This loss would be magnified many times if it were not for the birds. It may seem strange to the casual observer that the various kinds of birds have each their especial duties in keeping down these pests; and perhaps if farmers understood this better, they might not begrudge them their grubstake; for, after all, "a laborer is worthy of his hire."

Discounting a little overlapping, we discover that swallows and whippoorwills sweep the air of small, gauzy-winged pests such as mosquitoes, gnats and midges; while martins, phoebes, kingbirds and flycatchers clear it of larger ones. The warblers, some of the sparrow family and the vireos clean the foliage at the ends of branches where plant lice, tree ants, cankerworms, leaf-hoppers, flies, etc., thrive. Thrushes, blue-birds, robins, the mockers, orioles, catbirds, tanagers and thrashers clear the foliage of trees and shrubbery.



THE BLACK TERN HAS A UNIQUE PERSONALITY

Photo by Biological Survey

Fuzzy caterpillars, bagworms and gypsy moths fall to the lot of the cuckoos and orioles, who also devour click beetles, wireworms, grasshoppers, locusts and spiders that live on the branches. The woodpecker family police the trunks with their bills, drills and barbs. Meadowlarks, bob-whites, bluebirds, robins, sparrows, brown thrashers, ground warblers, grouse—all of these and a few others—work on the ground floor, clearing it of maggots, borers, chinch bugs, cutworms and army worms; and sparrows and finches eat weed seeds.

So the farmer, instead of looking upon the bird family as inimical, with its large spring crop of babies to feed, would do well to watch a few of them at work, and note the continual busy-ness of distracted parent birds as they fly from garden to nest with beaks dripping with worms, caterpillars and fuzzy wuzzies that would soon devour every green thing he might plant; or note the sparrows, as I have, trotting up and down pea vines eating plant lice by the thousands, and never molesting the vines themselves or their products.

So, from the topmost branch of the highest cornstalk or tree or bush, down to the very earth itself, there are crowds of well-regulated helpers, each with its prescribed line of duty; and even below the ground there are miners opening tunnels for air and moisture; devouring pests that germinate in the earth, or, like the blind worm with its innumerable shafts, fertilizing the soil all summer long and injuring nothing. Toads and worms are of incalculable benefit to a farmer every season. Many of these creatures help in fertilization by carrying into their tunnels materials for winter nests; and in reforestation through their supply of nuts, acorns, etc.

Bees, butterflies, moths and others assist in the pollination of fruits, flowers and vegetables. Beetles prey on plant lice, decaying vegetable or animal matter, becoming public scavengers.

Now that the time of bird-nesting is upon us in earnest, let us appreciate those which are our friends and offer them sanctuary, and not put them all in the category of the ruthless destroyers.

Aquatic Birds

DOROTHEA K. GOULD

THERE is no bird more solicitous of its home and babies than the black tern. If you should be unfortunate enough to get too near the nest of this bird you might get hit on the head. You would see these birds darting at you screamingly, and they would swoop at your head without mercy.

The black tern has a unique personality. It is aquatic in its tastes and habits, and builds its nests so near the water that most always they are partly on the water.

Picture a carelessly made bird's nest on the water—a small depression of a few wet stems and some mud. If the heavy rains are good to this nest and let it alone, there might be three pale brownish-olive eggs, heavily marked with blotches, in it. If the heavy rains are very, very good to the frail craft, there might be three little birds in it.

But the baby birds do not remain long in such a nest! It is too unsafe. They take to the water and swim about through the vegetation on the water while their parents watch them.

The head and underparts of the tern are black, and the back and wings are gray. This bird has webbed feet only to the middle of the toes. Its beak is long and pointed.

The black terns inhabit North and South America. However, they are rare in the eastern part of the United States. They have been found in Alaska, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the West Indies and the Bahamas.

Among the few animals that can run faster than the greyhound are Gobi Desert gazelles and pronghorn antelopes, both of which are capable of a top speed of sixty miles an hour.

Thousands of songbirds breed in the Hawaiian Islands through the efforts of one woman who began to import them forty years ago in celebration of Hawaii joining the United States.

"Castor" the Beaver

DON CARTER

AS in the mid-western States, so in the prairie Provinces of Canada the drought has become a serious problem. Because of the enormous area affected, and the fact that there are less people on the prairies than live in one section of New York City, the government is handicapped in carrying out the necessary vast water conservation scheme. Hundreds of projects are held up because of lack of funds. But recently a remarkable experiment was made. A dam was built, a lake restored and a marshy waterfowl refuge created—all without the expenditure of a single dollar. For in this case human beings turned the work over to that patient but indefatigable little toiler, Castor the Beaver.

Not many years ago Western Canada was a beaver paradise. But ruthless extermination by trappers has made the busy rodent disappear from every district except the parks and game preserves. Now the engineers and rehabilitation experts admit that the beaver's extinction has had extremely serious effects upon nature's balance in the northwest. Excessive drainage, once counteracted by natural dams and watersheds, is creating a vast desert.

In the Grassy Lake district of Southern Manitoba, lovers of ducks and geese were concerned over the drying of the former breeding ground. Engineers proved that Grassy Lake could be raised to its former

level by damming the Pembina River. The cost, however, was quite prohibitive. And then someone thought of beavers.

A pair of the animals was obtained and turned loose at the most promising point. The results are best expressed in the picturesque words of a Manitou bird lover; "To heck with you engineers!" he reported joyfully, "We have all the water we want now, thanks to the beaver!" The broad-tailed woodsmen had erected a first-class dam, at a cost to the community of exactly nil. The region has now been restored to its former usefulness as a sanctuary for waterfowl and other wild life, and the adjoining farmland already is experiencing the benefit of natural, controlled water levels.

This and other similar experiments have proved so successful that the various provincial authorities are planning a huge beaver re-stocking campaign. One reserve, that of Beaver Creek in Saskatchewan, is supplying 200 of the animals annually, and it is hoped soon to have other centers capable of supplying great numbers to the regions most in need of water conservation.

Reckless clearing of forests and draining of haylands has produced a critical situation in the northwest. When the water disappears, the beaver departs. Sooner or later the farmer, too, learns the bitter lesson of interfering with nature's delicate adjustments. But the happy truth seems to be that the beaver is "conservation minded" as well as industrious, and given a chance he will set about to restore water levels within the shortest possible time. For speed, effectiveness and economy Castor the Beaver certainly cannot be excelled. When he bids for a job the only price he asks is a little protection. He feeds himself and finds all his supplies in the forest. In this age of steel and concrete men have discovered that a humble animal, working with teeth and tail alone, can build miracles of construction at a cost that even the wilderness can afford to pay.

...

... He is the real friend of animals who does most for their welfare, not the one who talks the most about how much he loves them.

Friend of Wild Life

HENRY H. GRAHAM

DURING one of my woodland rambles in the evergreen country I stumbled upon a lonely cabin inhabited by an old miner who worked a placer claim on a near-by stream.

Unlike most men of the deep woods he was an affable, talkative fellow and I soon got him started on my favorite subject—wild life.

"What kinds of animals and birds do you have around here?" I asked him.

"Nearly everything—now," he replied, adding the word "now" significantly and giving me a knowing look.

"What do you mean by 'now'?" I inquired.

"I mean since this district became a game refuge established by the government," he declared with a happy twinkle in his eye. "When I first settled on this claim ten years or so ago there was hardly a thing that ran or flew in this whole section. A fellow could walk for days without seeing a deer, beaver or grouse. Heavy hunting had all but exterminated wild life.

"But how the picture has changed, and for the better! Last evening I saw a whole covey of grouse come down to the creek to drink. It was a beautiful sight. The other day five deer grazed on the hillside over yonder and I watched them for ten minutes through field glasses. Now there are several beaver dams on the stream. Even an elk or two graze on the upper slopes. The snowshoe rabbits have come back and all sorts of songbirds nest in the vicinity." I could see how happy he was about it all.

"That's wonderful," I enthused. "But I'll bet you do your part to keep the animals and birds staying around your place, don't you?"

He grinned. "I don't shoot at 'em, you can lay to that. I did place some rock salt out in the timber for the deer, and I built a few bird-houses." He pointed to the right at several neatly-made and nicely-painted little structures suspended to the limbs of a giant spruce.

"Do you stay here all winter?" I wanted to know.

He nodded. "I'm in this spot the year round except for an occasional trip to town for supplies."

"Then I suppose you feed the chickadees, too," I suggested, anxious to draw him out.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "But they'd probably get along pretty well without the food I throw out. However, they're friendly little fellows. Each winter certain ones come right up to my back door to be fed. I learn to recognize them. They come very regularly and some are so tame they take food from my hand. I don't understand it."

"I do," I declared. "All forms of wild life are grateful for the helping hand. They know their friends. And I want to tell you what a wonderful work I think you are doing in helping the government bring back wild life to its former glory."

He blushed like a schoolboy.

I left that little wilderness shack happier than when I arrived. Somehow it made me feel good to know that the birds and animals of that section had so true a friend in the old miner who was never too busy or too tired to help his friends.



ONE OF NATURE'S MASTER WORKMEN

Our Bird Bath

THOMAS R. BRADY

*A bathing pool for feathered friends
We sank in sandy loam
Beneath an apple tree that bends
To form a leafy dome.*

*When summer hours grow burning hot
This haven, sweet and cool,
Invites the birds to seek the spot
And bathe within the pool.*

*How merrily they chirp and sing
And duck their heads and bills!
How happily they dust their wings
In near-by sandy hills!*

*We love to watch them sport about
Like children filled with mirth;
We love to hear their songs, devout,
Pour blessings on the earth.*

Monument for a Moth

BENJAMIN LEE

MONUMENTS are usually erected for people who have accomplished something of great importance in their lifetime. However, a monument or memorial has been built in honor of a moth. It has been erected in Australia as a result of the moths' help in saving the land from a type of cactus.

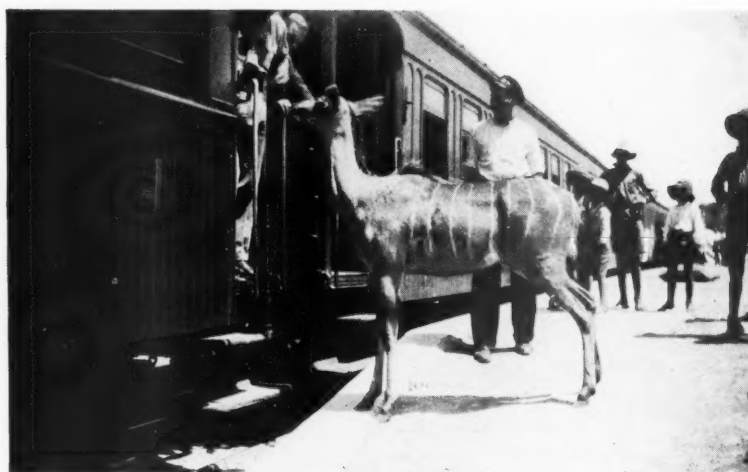
Years ago this plant was imported into the country and raised in the homes much the same as we see some of our flowers grown in porch or window boxes and even in flower-pots. It was also used for a border around yards and soon it had spread to such an extent that it was no longer a welcome guest of the household.

It spread so rapidly and to such a tremendous distance that it had taken over the lands that were commonly used for grazing and farming. Acre after acre had to be given up to the attack of the invading plant pest. Nothing seemed able to stop the rapid growth of this cactus until scientists offered to lend a most welcome hand.

They started a battle against the cactus with a moth that was taken from South America. In a short time the section invaded by the moth was showing a decided improvement, so far as the cactus was concerned. It looked like an impossible task for the little moth to conquer, for the plants had already covered over fifty million acres of land. However, the moths seem to be taking the upper hand wherever they have spread.

Between ten and fifteen million acres of farm land have been returned to the people so far and the battle is not nearly over. The people of Australia are certainly watching an interesting battle between two of nature's greatest forces.

They were so delighted at the results shown by the moths that it was decided that the lowly little insect should have its due recognition. For its great aid a monument was built to its honor even before its work is done. This is undoubtedly one of the strangest memorials that was ever erected in that country or any other part of the civilized world.



A KUDU FEARLESSLY COMES FOR HIS DAILY TIDBIT

Even wild animals respond quickly to kindness and gentleness as soon as they realize that they have nothing to fear from Man. This young kudu, one of the most graceful species of African antelopes, has become so accustomed to the daily stopping of the train at a wayside station in South Africa that it walks fearlessly up onto the platform, past Kaffir boys and white railway employes, and daintily nibbles any tidbit that is offered by a friendly passenger. Notice the beautiful markings on its sleek coat, and the delicacy of the tiny feet that can fly so swiftly when danger threatens.

Bat Caves of the Southwest

M. E. MELVIN

IN the oldest underground abode of man or beast on this continent lives the queerest thing that flies—the bat. Some 15,000,000 years ago, geysers and mud volcanoes bored their way through the earth, leaving enormous underground caverns. In some of these bats have lived for centuries.

In the Southwest there are three well-known caverns of this kind. One is at Carlsbad, New Mexico, a part of the famous caverns which visitors seldom see, another is in the bad lands of Northwest Oklahoma, known as Alabaster Cave, and the third is in Southwest Oklahoma, a few miles from the city of Mangum. As ideal homes for bats they are all alike. A description of one fits all three.

Many and varied estimates have been made as to the number of bats that inhabit these caves. A United States Biological Survey estimated the number of Carlsbad at three millions. Many visitors to the other caves assert that there are as many in each of the other two as at Carlsbad.

The habit of the bat is to hibernate in cool weather. It begins its nightly flight from the middle of May until the first of June, and goes in for the winter with the first cool weather, about October 15.

On a mild afternoon in early June visitors go out to the cave to witness the flight of the bats. They wait near by until almost sundown. Presently some one notices a single bat coming out and cruising around, then returning. It is the "pilot bat." Directly the party hears a whirring sound far back in the cavern, which grows in volume. The sound comes from uncounted thousands of bats releasing their hold on the cavern ceiling to join in the milling around within the cavern before the flight begins.

With a speed like that of a bullet they come out and ascend several hundred feet, following a few leaders. It looks like a black, dense smoke coming out of the cave. They continue to come, until it is too dark to see them. The mouth of the cave is only about twenty-five feet by fifteen, yet not a bat seems ever to strike its neighbor or get in another's way.

At early dawn they will be seen coming back from every quarter of the compass, dropping with unerring accuracy into the small opening that is the doorway to their underground home. Their flight during the night has covered a radius of at least 100 miles from the cave.

The bat's flight is for food alone. It feeds on night-flying insects, and will consume in one night half its weight in insects that are injurious to crops and forests.

Most people do not think very highly of bats. In legend the bat has always been associated with witchcraft and sorcery. A sort of instinctive antipathy in the human race has been built up against one of the most useful creatures we have.

The bat is a mammal. It lays no egg and builds no nest. The mother gives birth to one, and occasionally two. The little ones hang to the mother's wing membrane for two or three months, until able to fly. Occasionally the little ones will hitch-hike for a ride with mother in search of food.

Those who have noticed the apparently crazy antics of bats in the early twilight, darting, suddenly changing their course, have puzzled over this habit. It is simple. The ear of the bat is the most sensitive hearing device in nature. It can detect the hum of a tiny insect in the air which no human ear could detect. The ear is also aided by the highly sensitive wing membrane. One never finds a bat in collision with wires or limbs of trees, yet they plummet about them with amazing speed.

Yes, the bat is one of our queerest creatures, much maligned, but highly useful.

Our Dumb Animals Preventing the Growth of Horns

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1939

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for Our Dumb Animals are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-two lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

It Is Still There

WE wonder how many remember that there was erected nineteen years ago, in the Massachusetts State House at Boston, a bronze tablet, forty by sixty inches in size, bearing the following inscription:

"This tablet is erected to the memory of the horses, dogs, and other animals whose faithful service, whose sufferings and whose death were part of the price paid in the great World War, 1914-1919, waged in behalf of the liberties of mankind."

The tablet was accepted on behalf of the State by Governor Calvin Coolidge. At its dedication Dr. Rowley said:

"So far as it is possible to learn, never before has a state or nation by act of its legislative body granted place within its capitol for a memorial to perpetuate the memory of those lowlier fellow-creatures whose faithful service, whose suffering and death were a part of the price paid in defense of its liberties."

A correspondent writes, after visiting a Ringling Show, that in the center ring there was a great cage filled with performing lions and tigers, that all seemed young and cowed. Only one named "King" had not been thoroughly broken, and he was prodded and urged and shot at but would not obey until a hot iron was brought in, which so thoroughly terrified him he yielded instantly to perform his trick. The correspondent also says that fire and flaming torches were much in evidence in the lion acts.

There are mysteries that shadow us in the presence of death which neither science nor religion has ever solved. To bury out of sight such a friend as a dog whose affection, whose fidelity, whose forgiveness have been yours for long years of companionship awakens questions that find no answer. And yet there are those of us who trust—

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

We have always advocated preventing the growth of horns on calves by the use of caustic potash; that is, where one wishes hornless cattle, or to prevent the possibility of someone's later dehorning them. Moisten the spot on the calf's head where the beginning of the horn is felt, and then rub lightly, till red, with the caustic potash, not breaking the skin. We have often done this, and never observed anything like suffering on the calf's part except a slight shaking of the head for a very few minutes. It should be done before the calf is two weeks old, the younger the better. The following in this connection is worth knowing: The pain from the use of caustic potash yields quickly to the application of water, a fact by no means known even by all veterinarians. We fancy that generally the spot is rubbed too hard with the potash.

Pennsylvania and its Hunters

In the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin of a recent issue, we are told that a \$312,000 fund was set aside by the Legislature to provide more sport for game hunters of Pennsylvania. The Commission expects to buy, so we are told, some 50,000 cotton-tails, 9,000 ringneck pheasants, 6,000 Hungarian partridges, 3,500 bob-white quail, and raccoons. Evidently \$25,000 has been appropriated for trapping and transferring rabbits and pheasants from propagating areas to places where they may be trapped or shot by the hunters.

The Dog Star

Five thousand years before the Christian era, the Egyptian peasant, as he watched each year for the happening of the great miracle, the rising of the Nile, noticed that its gracious waters began to trickle over his parched land just at the time that a certain glorious star appeared above the horizon. And so inevitably did the rising of the Nile follow upon the rising of the star that, to the peasant, the star's faithfulness could only be compared to the faithfulness of his dog, and thus Sirius came to be called the Dog Star.

The Scottish S. P. C. A.

In reporting the Annual Prize Essay Competition for 1939, the secretary of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals says that 30,060 essays were written in 510 schools. The subject of the essay was, "How are animals better treated today than 100 years ago, and why?" To awaken enough interest in 30,000 pupils to lead them to write an essay upon such a question as the one just referred to is a fine tribute to the Scottish Society's enthusiastic humane education work.

Who are some of our most generous contributors? Friends who are among those also doing most for unfortunate children. Kindness is not a water-tight compartment virtue.

For the Benefit of Our Society

It is a Book, the Title of Which is "They Know Not"

Dr. George Sanford Foster, a well-known New Hampshire surgeon, has written a story with the above title. Anxious to do something to further the interest of the cause we represent, Dr. Foster's plan has been that a generous percentage of the price of the book as it is sold should come to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Written by a New Englander, the scene of the tragic story he tells is laid in New England. It is not, though a novel, a work of fiction. It is, rather, a book built upon facts personally known to the author, the life of its characters followed for years with a deep, personal interest in their career—a career fraught with unchanging love and fidelity. A young husband charged with murder, a crime he did not commit, forces the loyal wife to a sacrifice which, though involving a profound question of morals, finally wins the victory for which love has made the sacrifice.

Of the book it has been said, "Here is a philosophy of living that creates something new out of accepted human values and which raises the otherwise commonplace events to epic heights."

The price of the book is \$2.50. The Society will be glad to send it, postpaid, to those who may be interested in the story and who, by their purchases, may therefore contribute to the interest of the organization.

A Noted State Trooper

In an editorial in a northern New York State paper, the story is told of the death of Captain Broadfield who was commander of Troop "B" of the State Constabulary. He is spoken of as "a man with a broad conception of his public responsibilities and a magnetic personality. He was big enough to dispense with formality, discipline and rigid rules, and never too busy to see anyone, particularly the humble petitioner for aid or protection."

We have just received a letter from a resident of Malone, New York, Captain Broadfield's home, telling us of the invaluable service he and his troopers always rendered to the cause of animal protection. His loss in this respect it will be hard to replace.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has always found our State troopers here most willing to co-operate with it in its work.

We read in the July issue of *The Dogs' Bulletin* that thousands of dogs in England have been destroyed at the request of owners, fearing what might happen to them in case of a war. Under the evacuation scheme, the authorities have made no provision for dogs, and state that the dogs must not be taken with owners who are to be transferred to places of safety. No satisfactory gas mask, apparently, has been found for the unfortunate dog in case of an outbreak of hostilities.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

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Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street

Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road

Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue

Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville

Wrentham, Cherry Street

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Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. MORTON B. MINER, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas. Second Thursday.

MONTHLY REPORT OF MASS. S. P. C. A.

Miles traveled by humane officers ..	18,841
Cases investigated	546
Animals examined	3,917
Animals placed in homes	264
Lost animals restored to owners ..	52
Number of prosecutions	3
Number of convictions	2
Horses taken from work	13
Horses humanely put to sleep	29
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,881
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	46,163
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	17

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and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

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C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	700
Cases entered in Dispensary	2,079
Operations	738

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	182
Cases entered in Dispensary	579
Operations	181

Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	172,539
Dispensary Cases	430,580
Total	603,119

Cockfighting

The old so-called sport of cockfighting is arousing at present no little interest on the other side of the water, and reports of its prevalence in some states of the Union here would seem to indicate that it is far from having been stamped out in this country. Rarely in Massachusetts in recent years have we learned of one being held, and even in those cases we have been fortunate enough to obtain sufficient information to make it possible to break up the whole affair and bring no small part of those present into court.

We have just learned of a most successful raid made by the officers of the Women's Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. On June 11th they caught 68 offenders, 58 live gamecocks, 10 dead cocks, 12 pairs of steel gaffs, scales, coops, etc. Sixty-two of the offenders paid \$10 fines, which were paid over to the prosecuting society.

Prizes for Humane Traps

Prizes totalling more than six hundred dollars have been awarded inventors and trappers in the humane trap contest sponsored annually by The American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y.

"For twelve years, through these contests, we have been making a world-wide search for devices that will trap animals with a minimum of suffering," declared W. E. Sanderson, the Association's Wild Life Director. "Years of research have brought us nearer our goal in enlightening the world concerning true conservation and the justice due our wild life." A thirteenth contest will shortly be announced.

Seasonable Suggestions

By the Veterinary Staff at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

DO not fail to have fresh, cool drinking water habitually available.

Do not overfeed your dog and cat at anytime, particularly in hot weather. A little warm milk in the morning is sufficient for both. In the late afternoon, a rotation of beef, fresh fish and liver for the cat, and some beef and occasionally liver for the dog, all fed raw, are best. Avoid all starchy foods, cereals, breads and indigestible foods like smoked or pickled meats, pork and fibrous vegetables, as carrots, beets and string beans. Spinach, lettuce and tomato are the best vegetables.

Do not expose your pets to the sun's rays unnecessarily, nor allow needless exertion. If it is seen that the horse ceases to sweat and is sluggish when at work, stop at once, unharness in a shady and airy place, and bathe the legs and head with cool water and permit frequent small sips of drinking water.

Do not tie a dog to his kennel if avoidable. If he must be confined, have the end of the leash secured, trolley fashion, to a long wire where he can have the run of at least twenty to thirty feet, with access to a shady and airy spot.

Do not muzzle a dog unless absolutely necessary. The wearing of such a device tends to make most dogs cross and snappish. Do not tease nor molest your dog at any time, particularly when he is hot.

Do not think your dog has rabies because he froths at the mouth and is suddenly seized by an outburst of frenzy. He is very probably having a so-called running or fright fit. The dog with rabies makes no such frightful demonstration of violence. Confine him to a cool, darkened and quiet place and consult your veterinarian at once. If you must rely on your own resources, give the animal, when quieted down, an emetic like Syrup of Ipecac in doses ranging from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, depending on the size of the dog, every fifteen minutes until vomiting occurs, and apply cold applications to the head. Then keep the animal on a beef broth diet for a few days before resuming the normal food ration on a gliding scale.

Your dog needs an occasional bath and enjoys a swim in hot weather. Do not neglect these necessities and privileges. Have his heavy winter coat shorn. The ventilation of the skin provided by the clipping will more than compensate for the insulating qualities of the coat and if the animal develops the common summer skin complaints, they will readily be detected and more easily treated.

Provide free ventilation of the quarters occupied by such animals and pets as require confinement, as rabbits, birds and the like. Many a horse has been prepared for a sun-stroke by being housed in a stuffy, humid stable between working hours.

Goldfish aquariums and birds' cages should not be exposed to excessive sun rays. Goldfishes may succumb if the water becomes excessively hot, and birds like the fresh air, but suffer from too much sun.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR JUNE, 1939

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	593
Number of addresses made,	188
Number of persons in audiences,	55,368

Retired Workers' Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Humane Education— a Review

WHEN George T. Angell, little more than a year after he had organized the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., arrived in England and talked with the secretary of the great Royal S. P. C. A. of London, he told him that "In some respects we had accomplished more in Massachusetts, in our first year, than the Royal Society had in about fifty, *because we believed, through and through, in the power of humane education, and in spending our money instead of hoarding it.*"

On this visit Mr. Angell presented a plan to form a Ladies' Humane Education Society which, after much work and repeated interviews by him with prominent English women, including the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was organized later as the Ladies' Humane Educational Committee, which sent its appeal to 75,000 teachers and caused some 600 prizes to be distributed annually by the Royal S. P. C. A. to pupils in English schools for compositions on kindness to animals. About 100 of these prizes were given by the Society in 1870 to pupils in London schools, and that was, says Mr. Angell, so far as he knew, "the first instance in the world in which a prize was ever given, in any school, for a composition on kindness to animals."

Mr. Angell, who had become a veritable pioneer missionary in the humane cause, traveled up and down throughout the country, as far south as Florida and as far west as Minneapolis, proclaiming the gospel of kindness to animals, organizing local societies for the protection of animals, and, later, introducing the Band of Mercy idea. But he realized that all this work was really outside and beyond that of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., which was then his only incorporated organization. He felt the need of something different, something not limited to state boundaries, something that should deal not with prosecutions and the enforcement of laws, however necessary, but some sort of organization that should be national in its scope, that should deal with theories and principles, that, in short, should be so set up as to reach practically everybody, everywhere. And so, with a master stroke, in March, 1889, fifty years ago, he perfected the organization of, and secured from the Massachusetts Legislature the incorporation of, the AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, the first of its kind in the world. At once the newly formed Society took over from the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. the Band of Mercy, as that juvenile organization, which was started in 1882, had already reached out into many states beyond Massachusetts and even into some foreign countries.

The American Humane Education Society began publishing literature on a large scale. In 20 years no less than 800,000 copies of "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell, were printed and distributed, often at cost or less. Numerous prize contests were announced. As the result of one of them the Society had the honor of introducing the story, "Beautiful Joe," by Marshall Saunders, of which more than a million copies have been sold. The Society today, with its list of more than 100 titles from a

card to a bound book, probably publishes more humane literature than any other organization in the world.

Some idea of what is being done in the great field of humane education may be realized when we learn that today, through the efforts of its twelve field workers, from Maine to California, the American Humane Education Society of Boston, alone, is giving each year some 3,500 addresses, before audiences totaling more than half a million persons; is organizing Bands of Mercy in the public schools at the rate of 700 a month; and, each week of the year, is enrolling an average of 750 members in the Jack London Club—the organized protest against cruelty to animals in connection with stage and screen performances.

Attitude Toward Animals Guide to Character

HENRY H. GRAHAM

SHOW me a boy who brings home hungry, homeless, undernourished dogs and cats to be cared for and kindly treated and I will show you a boy of the right kind—a lad who has a fine start in life. Show me a boy or girl or man or woman, for that matter, who mistreats an animal or ignores one in distress and I will show you a person I am sure I would not care to know intimately. Such people classify themselves, for the right type of person likes birds and animals and treats them well.

The first thing that my young nephew, aged 14, does when he comes into the house is to pick up one or the other of our two cats and pet him. If neither feline happens to be around he hunts for the animals. If either cat is in the house when my nephew arrives the creature bounds toward the sound of his voice, climbs into his lap and proceeds to go to sleep. Animals know their true friends when they see or hear them and quickly respond to marks of affection.

Whenever I hear a person say, "I don't care for animals; they're all a big nuisance to me" I instinctively shrink from him. Something important was left out of his make-up. Of that I am sure.

Not long ago a salesman called at our house. He had a splendid line of merchandise to offer and I would probably have bought some of it except for his attitude toward the larger of our two cats. "Dizzy," as we call the feline, had parked himself at the edge of the screen door, outside, waiting for someone to open the door and let him inside. Hearing footsteps on the porch I peeked through the window at the salesman's approach, saw him place his foot under Dizzy and transport him a bit roughly several feet away. He did not hurt the cat, but how much better it would have been had he picked the animal up with his hands and gently deposited him out of the way? But evidently such thoughtfulness and consideration was too much trouble.

That incident gave me an insight into the man's character, indicating a dislike for animals or at least a disinterest in them. I did not care to patronize such an individual and thus he lost a sale that might otherwise have been his.

Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.

The Cats of Havana

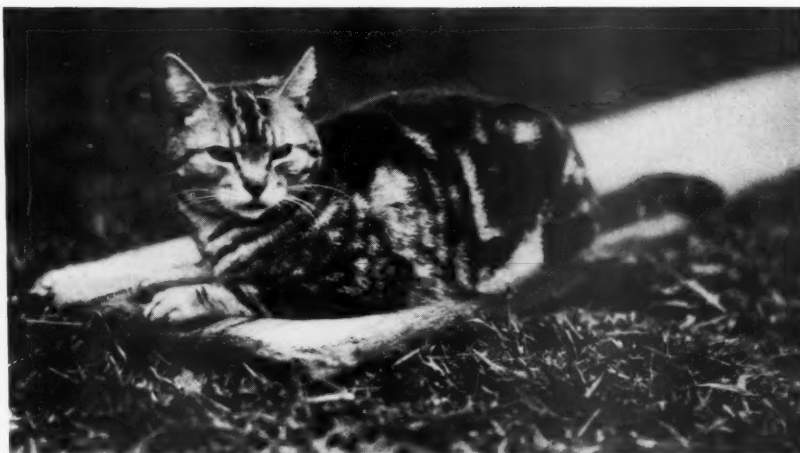
ELLA MCELLIGOTT

AMONG the memories of a happy week spent recently in Havana, I count my acquaintance with a little stray cat. One day after a big morning of sightseeing in the busy streets of this historic city, I paused for a few moments to rest. Fortunately there is always an inviting bench and a shaded nook at hand to beguile the weary traveler, for Havana, like many old world cities, contains numerous little squares and parks where the people may come to sit leisurely and watch the rest of the world go by.

I was not sitting long when I espied a small gray cat, just the common ordinary kind, eyeing me with interest. "Here, kittle, kittle," I called. Just then the thought came to me that this was a Cuban cat that understood no English. I was mistaken, however, for Kittle bounded over to me, and let me rub her head. She brushed against my feet and jumped upon my lap, and we soon became great friends. My little knowledge of Spanish came to me, but Kittle did not seem to mind what language I used in speaking to her. She was just as pleased when I called "pretty kittle," as "gata bonita."

I felt rested after my visit with the friendly little creature, and somehow did not feel so strange in the big city where I could not readily understand nor take part in the lovely foreign tongue that fell upon my ears everywhere. If I knew no person, I at least had a friend in this lively cat that linked me to my new surroundings.

I find a liking for animals, especially cats and dogs, is of great assistance to the traveler. He will never be lonesome when he can stop and talk to the many beautiful pets he will meet in the course of his journey. Cats are the same the world over, and to meet one far from home seems like greeting an old friend. For the moment one is carried back to familiar scenes. Many acquaintances and lasting friendships are made through the medium of animals. Owners delight in having people admire their pets, and if language is a barrier, there is always a friendly smile bestowed upon the tourist.



RAPT IN MEDITATION

I saw many cats in Havana, in shops, public markets, hotels, and other places, all of whom helped me pass a few carefree moments as I stroked their soft fur. Often at such encounters I was carried away from the bustle about me into a contemplation of the mystery of life, that the far-seeing gaze of a serene cat always evokes in me.

Occasionally when I was so fortunate as to pass a home where the lovely ornamental grilled street door was open, allowing one to see the cool patio inside with all its beautiful tropical shrubs and plants, I usually noticed a cat sitting and dreaming in a quiet corner. Very likely every household has a cat dreaming in the patio. It is an appropriate place, surely, for it is quiet and secluded there.

Other times when I passed a cat calmly sunning herself in a shop window, or leisurely performing her toilet in view of the world, I smiled when the picture of the tourist with guide book in hand, madly rushing about, trying to see a big city in a day or two, came to mind. Oh, for the sense of a cat, who takes her ease while mortals rush hither and thither!

I think a cat in Cuba has a lovely time, for Cubans take life calmly, too. A daily siesta is part of their program, and they spend long hours in the evening, idly talk-

ing, walking about without hurry, or sitting and leisurely drinking tiny cups of black sweet-tasting coffee.

Of all the cats I met in the beautiful isle of Cuba, none appealed to me more than the little gray cat I met the first day, for it gave me a welcome, and handed me, so to speak, the keys of the city.

A Plea for the Cat

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*,

I have long been of the opinion that we may all begin in our own back yard, literally as well as figuratively, to right the wrongs under which this old world is groaning.

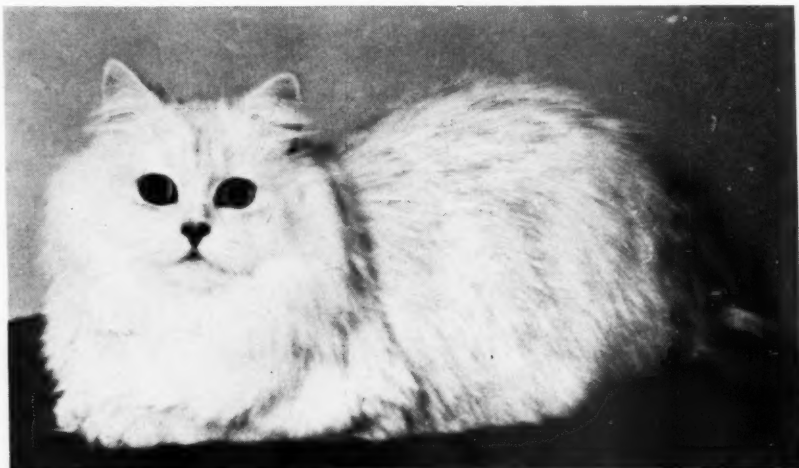
Although I have never been accused of a quasi kinship to the feline race, I have great admiration and sympathy for the much-abused cat, especially the unfortunate alley cat that battles for existence with the world and beats it. All too often he bears the marks of man's inhumanity to cats, but he does not retaliate. It is not in his scheme of things to fight man, but he usually holds his fellow cat even. He patiently takes what he cannot help, seemingly considering that it is just a part of the game of life.

I have had two cats die in spite of good care—one a most beautiful, majestic Persian that we had picked up as a tiny half-starved waif, the other just an alley cat that came to us, and who insisted on helping to make his living by hunting gophers. He lived on, year after year dodging the dangers that beset a cat while attending to his own business and proving himself a blessing to the neighborhood. Once a man passing by, (yes, it can happen here in this supposedly enlightened country) hurled a stone at him as he sat quietly watching a gopher hole.

I would love to hear from any reader who, like myself, would like to see these courageous little animals better treated by the world in general.

GLEN CORA BATES

1203 S. Euclid Ave., Ontario, Calif.



A PERSIAN BEAUTY

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

Camouflage

M. H. MORGAN

STRANGELY, wild creatures are not only colored to conform to their surroundings, but apparently are conscious of it, being aware if they remain quite immobile they will not be discovered. While not responsible for their dress they do manifest intelligence by taking proper advantage of it. Men have been known to pick a flower close beside a tan-skinned fawn lying quietly among the yellowed grasses, and unless the terrified little creature moved its eyes, the man never saw it. Hunters in Africa have beat the sulphur-colored herbage for lions when they may have been hidden amongst its foliage close by quite unsuspected.

Monkeys go to sleep clustered together in groups beneath wide-spreading leaves, their rounded brown bodies (heads concealed) resembling a bunch of cocoanuts, in the tropical dusk of the forest.

In the same locality also is the sloth, the most defenseless creature known, but hanging upside down from some branch, its movements so slow as to be almost invisible, spores of the long Spanish moss attach themselves to its own long hair and grow, partially covering it with this deceiving blanket. On its side also is a brown spot that looks not unlike the end of a broken branch, and there you are. You might watch it a long time before realizing it was a live animal.

Desert animals in most cases are the color of the sands, and seem to appreciate that their surest defense is to remain perfectly still when approached by an enemy.

Creatures living in the northern latitudes turn white when winter comes, to conform to its snows, the only exceptions to this seasonal change being those animals possessing other means of defense—speed, disagreeable odor, etc.

In conformity to this subtlety, the wolves of the Arctic are white; farther south, on the Northern American plains, they are gray; still farther south, among the cloaked hills and sandy deserts, they are reddish brown; and in the distant south they may turn almost black, being concealed in the dense, dark forests.



AN EXAMPLE OF PROTECTIVE COLORATION

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for May—31 Days

Daily average large animals	47.4	
Forage for same		\$ 43.31
Put to sleep	11	1.26
Transportation		1.34
Daily average dogs	3	
Forage for same		1.41
Wages, groom, watchmen, etc.		60.92
Superintendent's salary		100.00
Veterinaries' salaries		11.93
Motor ambulance upkeep		13.45
Motor bicycles upkeep		10.29
Sundries		37.00

Actual operating expenses \$280.91

Entries: 9 horses, 8 mules, 49 donkeys.
Exits: 3 horses, 8 mules, 51 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 120 horses, 57 mules, 141 donkeys, 2 dogs, 1 cat.

Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.
SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 160 cases investigated, 3,230 animals seen, 312 animals treated, 22 animals hospitalized by us from above, 6 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 37 Arab bits destroyed, 10 animals transported in motor ambulance, 9 animals sent by Police Dept.

One Day's Work

MONDAY, 22nd. 6.30 a.m. Usual work of treating animals. Sent Motor Ambulance to Ville Nouvelle to transport a donkey in bad condition. 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. Souk el Khemis, Casbat ben Debbab and Fes Jedid Mellah inspections. Sent one horse sick with mange to Pound, and one horse and one donkey to Hospital. Destroyed one pack-saddle and one Arab bit. 1.30 p.m. Fondouk. 2 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. Bab Ftouh inspection. Transported one donkey in motor ambulance, sent 4 donkeys to Hospital, destroyed one Arab bit. Men cleaning whole grounds and gardening. Animals in Hospital: 54.

G. DELON, Superintendent

Science tells that the parent salmon die after the eggs are deposited and fertilized. Their bodies do not decay, they are frozen fast in winter's ice, and in springtime are the first solid food eaten by young fish.

Dogs are the only domestic animal in Greenland. It is estimated that there are about six thousand of them. Most of them are used for sledging.

Ants are said to resemble humans in more ways than one: They are the only creatures which have slaves, domestic animals, rubbish piles, and which make war with military exactness. Moreover, ants and men are the only organisms able to adapt themselves to any climate, wet or dry, hot or cold. The ant has the largest brain, in proportion to its size, of any creature on earth.

Hands off the Butterflies

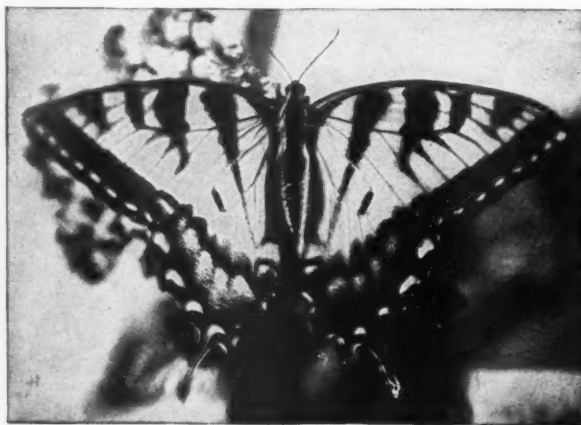
SUE F. TURNER

THERE is one place in the United States, and it is probably the only place in the world, where a person may not walk through a flock of butterflies and disturb them according to his disposition. This place is a small city on the Monterey Peninsula in California where an ordinance was recently passed which says: "It shall be unlawful . . . for any person to molest or interfere in any way the peaceful occupancy of the Monarch Butterflies on their annual visit to the City of Pacific Grove . . . in whatever spot they may choose to stop in . . ." It is explained that if the Butterflies, (always spelled with a capital,) swarm over a person or over personal property in such a way that they must be removed, the Chief of Police should be notified. "Any violation . . . shall be punishable by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars or by imprisonment in the County Jail . . . for not more than six months . . ."

From a study of the Butterflies in Pacific Grove, it seems that their migration is not for the laying of eggs in the warm climate. Eggs have been found on the milkweed, but the young confine themselves entirely to this plant. Imagine the destruction of such swarms, if the caterpillar were hatched unharmed in that vicinity. It is a mystery why they go to the pine trees, for there are no blooms on them in the fall. They are in semi-hibernation, the Butterflies leaving their rests in groups to swarm over the luxuriant flowers in bloom all through the winter, sustaining themselves with the honey.

The Monarch is a deep, rich orange color. Through its wings are black veins, and around the wings a black border. The wings are covered by powdery scales that break up the rays of light, giving the Butterfly its brilliant coloring. The migration begins in the north, either Canada or Northern United States. Their visit to the Monterey Peninsula has been recorded since 1788, and, for the last known sixty years they have arrived in Pacific Grove in the month of October and settled in the same group of towering pines near the city.

They come, they rest, they look beautiful, and destroy nothing. Therein lies the secret of their being protected.



A TIGER SWALLOWTAIL

Gone or Disappearing

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

WHEN the writer of this note was a child and first learned the meaning of the word "extinct," it filled him with anguished bewilderment. He had lost pet animals and been sorely grieved at parting with them. It was terrible to realize that an individual kitten or bird was gone out of the world and away from us forever. And the idea that a whole race of animals, all the mastodons or buffaloes in the world, had ceased to be or would shortly cease to be, so that the word and the thing were as if they never had been, was more than painful to him; it was exasperating. It was absurd, impossible, a ghastly paradox. If races of animals could die out entirely, why could the same thing not happen to the race of men? It was so horrible that he could scarcely endure the thought.

Paradox or not, animal species are disappearing in our own lifetime, largely through the cruel folly of men. The African elephant, once the favorite game of so-called "sportsmen" from all over the world, now scarcely known in the wild state, represented for the most part by a small herd in a South African reserve, may stage a pathetic, small come-back like that of the buffalo in the United States. These gentle beasts, sociable and docile, were hunted for their marvelous tusks, which were sometimes twice as long as a man and weighed 200 pounds each or more.

The Alpine ibex, with their enormous horns, their agility and their love for the snow-covered highest peaks, were never particularly valuable, although their flesh was eatable, their skins were useful, and their blood was once considered to have medical potency. It was presumably the difficulty of getting at them that piqued the hardy hunter. Except in protected preserves, the ibex have been gone from Europe for generations, although they still offer good "sport" in the Himalayas.

The story of the beaver is a particularly sad one. His fur has always been highly valued, as has the product castoreum, which has various uses as medicine and perfume. There have been practically no beaver in the British Isles in seven or eight hundred years, and one authority suggests that if it had not been for the invention of silk plush, the poor creatures would by this time have been extinct over half the civilized world.

The completest of modern disappearances was that of the ludicrous and pitiful dodo bird, which lived in certain islands east of Africa till some time in the seventeenth century. This big, almost naked, stupid creature, which could not fly and got over the ground very slowly on its short, yellow legs, succumbed very rapidly to the cruelty of the European colonists. The poor dodo had neither speed, strength nor cunning, and the lords of creation blotted it out in a generation or two.

The Australian emu, the largest bird of historical times except the ostrich, was an attractive and harmless being with many curious habits, one of the most edifying being that the male assumed without complaint the task of incubating the eggs. The chief value of the emu consisted in the oil under the skin, quarts on each full-grown

bird. Some species of emu are known to be completely extinct. In almost as melancholy case are the marvelous East Indian birds of paradise, about whose strange person and habits so many legends were once current—that they had no feet, that they slept while flying, etc. These unfortunate birds found—as the moralists assure us that members of the human family discover—that beauty may be a misfortune. Their plumage commanded so high a price in Europe that the natives have hunted to death almost all of the lovely creatures.

Several of our common domestic animals, which have fared better because they have proved more useful to the tyrant alive than dead, like the dog and the horse, have survived the complete or partial disappearance of relatives. The dog is said to be a mongrel of the Australian dingo, the Himalayan buansu, the wolf and the jackal. Two older cousins of the horse, the tarpan of central Asia and the quagga of southern Africa, are gone entirely. According to Daniel-Rops, the former has not been known since 1866, or the latter since 1877. The enormous wild ox, the aurochs, which wandered over northern Europe in the middle ages, is now to be found, only rarely, in the Caucasus country.

It is of course true that the humanitarian trend of the age, which opposes war (too often unsuccessfully), studies prison reform and ways and means of alleviating human suffering, has also done something toward making life easier for animals. Many of the ablest scientists deplore vivisection, bullfighting is losing ground, brutal amusements like cockfighting have become illegal over a large part of the world; and the comment on "Hunting" in a standard contemporary encyclopedia—"The true sportsman . . . rarely kills game for any other purpose than for eating, unless it is a dangerous creature or a nuisance—" represents an enormous advance over the callousness and sadism which were common some generations ago. Men are slowly growing more thoughtful of each other and the other forms of life. Very, very slowly.

Belongs to Every Section

WILLIS MEHANNA

The golden-winged woodpecker, sometimes erroneously called the yellowhammer, is a remarkable bird in that its family lives at all times in almost every portion of the United States and in many parts of Canada. It nests from Canada to the Southern states. The young of this bird are very hardy and can withstand great extremes of heat and cold. Because of the firmness of its flesh it should be very long lived.

The golden-wing is eleven inches long, brown above with black bars, and the rump is white. The head is gray and yellow while the face is drab with black in front. There is an oval black patch on chest, the wings and tail feathers are bright yellow and the under surface is white, spotted with black. It nests in holes bored in dead trees and feeds itself and young on ants, bugs and worms, often digging the latter out of dead wood. Sometimes in winter it will swipe a little grain from the cornshocks but not enough to hurt.



"BOY" OF BELLEVUE, PA.

His Dog

MAUDE E. COLE

*He does not understand them
When they say
His master will not come;
So, near the door,
He waits, alert and tense,
Day after day
And listens for loved steps
Along the floor.*

*He cannot measure time
By clock or sun,
But knows by call of hunger
It is long
Since he was free
To gnaw a bone or run,
As was his way
Before his world went wrong.*

*He lifts to those who pass
His questioning eyes,
And wearily responds
To kindly hands;
Though grateful for each touch,
None satisfies,
Nor takes the place of one
His heart demands.*

THE Jack London Club, named for the late author, is composed of members who pay no dues but simply pledge themselves to leave a theater or any place where trained animals are compelled to perform unnatural acts. It is hoped all members before purchasing tickets where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative. When leaving any place because of any animal performance, always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning to your home. Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Seven hundred and eighty-four new Bands of Mercy were formed during June. Of these, 508 were in Illinois, 184 in Rhode Island, 46 in Massachusetts, 32 in Pennsylvania, seven in Virginia, and one each in Maine, Minnesota and Palestine.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 241,964.

A Hummingbird's Rescue

BARBARA BERKLEY

It was on a cold winter noon that I first saw a hummingbird in flight. School had been dismissed for luncheon and I was on my way home, when suddenly I noticed something shining in the snow.

Stopping, I knelt down and, to my surprise, I saw a beautiful, but frightened hummingbird. My first thought was that it had been injured and was unable to fly. Its half-closed eyes looked at me in fright and turned to horror as I gently picked it up.

It was so tiny it lay in my hand with plenty of room to spare. Its little heart seemed ready to burst with speed as it tried to move. Immediately I remembered it was winter and the poor little creature must be cold. I started homeward shielding the bird from the cold the best way I could.

On my way home I had time to think of the honor I had of holding a wild hummingbird. Its beautiful colors I will not try to describe, but people who have seen a ruby-colored hummingbird in flight know what a privilege it is. Its little wings seemed strange—so still compared with its customary fast movements. The little bird moved occasionally as if to cry out, but sounds failed to come. Its little claws fastened to



WHAT! NO PEANUTS?

my hand as it made an attempt to rise. Immediately it fell and lay still.

Strange thoughts entered my head, such as: What would I do with the little creature? If I keep it what and how would I feed it? I could keep it in the canary cage, but how would it fly? If I brought it to a person who keeps birds that come early in the spring, he might not know what to do either. Should I let it go? If I did, would it freeze?

The house was now in sight and I had made up my mind. I would take it home and bring it back to school with me to my teacher, who was a great bird lover. I was sure she would know what to do and my heart felt lighter. As I started up the steps, the bird suddenly flew from my hand to a telephone wire. Watching it, I saw it fly over our house and southward.

Upon discussing it with my teacher, we came to the conclusion that it had failed to keep up with the birds it was migrating with and was left behind. When I picked it up the warmth of my hand caused it to revive enough to fly, and the walk home gave it time to rest. I didn't get a glimpse of the bird after that, and I often wonder what happened to the little hummingbird that I once held in my hand.



"HURRY UP CHILDREN," SAYS MOTHER DUCK

Did Park Squirrels Migrate?

LALIA MITCHELL THORNTON

One of my most unusual experiences was during the time when gray squirrels were reported as leaving the New England states for new homes.

At that time I had a cottage at Cayuga Lake and for several weeks a saucy chipmunk was my only visitor.

One morning I was surprised to find some twenty gray squirrels on the side porch and in the near-by trees. They seemed glad to see me, none of them ran away and all ate of the generous supply of nuts, including peanuts, that I had brought to the lake with me. Although none came near enough to take the food from my hand they did not hesitate to pick up nuts from the porch floor at my feet.

Later I rowed up to the village for an added supply of nuts, and when I came back not a squirrel remained and I never saw another one while I was at the cottage.

The only explanation I can make is that these squirrels had formerly lived in a park (perhaps in Boston) and that they were in the habit of being fed. While migrating they found it difficult to get food and this accounted for the apparent joy with which they greeted my appearance.

Brave Mother Squirrel

Marvelous "mother devotion" was displayed by a squirrel in our town recently, when a large box elder came crashing down. When workers had the tree ready for the final landing cut, this mother squirrel showed her concern by chattering repeated warnings. When the tree fell she was the first on the scene to save her young. Mrs. Squirrel had a family of five youngsters in the felled tree and she was determined to protect them at any cost.

With one squirrel clinging to her neck she carried it three blocks away to a stately elm. Returning, she found that others of her brood had been placed in a near-by tree for safe keeping. Without losing a moment she climbed into the tree and in the same way carried away another squirrel.

This performance was repeated until all were transported to the new quarters except one. The round trip measured six blocks and included the crossing of three streets.

The one remaining infant set up a squeal that could be heard throughout the neighborhood. This brought the mother scurrying back, weary but determined.

She again went through the same performance. When the last one had been tucked into bed in his new home, the mother lay down, contented and satisfied, for a much needed rest.

ALICE B. PALMER

Animals know how to care for their scratches and wounds. Bears plaster clay on parts that need to heal, but beavers and muskrats rub on gum from resinous trees which will not wash off in the water. Nature provides many remedies for her creatures that we know little about.



TO TRADE OR NOT TO TRADE

NEVER lift a grown rabbit by its ears. The ears are very sensitive and it is a mistaken idea that it does not hurt the animal to be lifted in this way. A baby rabbit may be lifted in this way, but when a rabbit is grown, its hindquarters should be supported when it is handled. It is cruel to lift a grown rabbit by its ears, just as it is cruel to lift a grown cat by the back of its neck.

Rabbits are very fond of corn and oats as well as wheat and grass, clover, carrots, turnip tops, apple and potato parings, peas, beans, celery and all green vegetables. As these little animals are almost always nibbling they should have some food in the hutch all the time.

Have a dish of fresh water in the hutch where the rabbits can easily reach it. It is true they get considerable moisture from the green food they eat, but they do need to have fresh water at all times. See that the hutch is always clean.

Fan Mail for a Chow Dog

JOHN B. BEHREND'S

IN a little corner drug store in Chicago is a Chow watchdog that the children think so much of that they send him fan mail when they go away on summer visits or vacations with their parents. "Shu-Shu" is this pretty red dog's name, and the owner has had him since he was about nine weeks old. He is now about five years old.

The customers who came into his store were so much interested in the postcards that Shu-Shu received that the proprietor decided to put these souvenirs in his front store window where it would be more convenient for everybody to look at them. So he took them up from the table and displayed them in six vertical rows along the sidewalk where everybody could readily see them.

They are there now, about a hundred cards, taking up most of the window space. In the collection are cards from all corners of the United States, one each from Scotland, the Virgin Islands, Cuba and Mexico, and a number from Canada. Shu-Shu's fan mail displayed there was acquired in about a year's time.

The Park Squirrel

MAY ALLREAD BAKER

*I heard a rustle in the old, oak tree,
Saw two, bright, eager black eyes watching me,
A little face, protruding from the bough—
"Come down," I cried, "I've something for you now!"*

*Then, like a flash of russet-colored flame,
Swift down the rough bole of the tree he came;
By fits and starts approaching to my chair
At once with shy, but yet, impulsive air;*

*Climbed to my shoulder with small, eager feet,
Sure of my friendship—certain of his treat.
Peeped in my pocket, naughty little elf,
And, finding there the peanuts, helped himself!*

What About Pussy?

If you have settled all about your own holiday, have you thought of where the family cat is going while your house is shut up? Do not leave it to the last moment to make arrangements for her, because it might then be forgotten. If she cannot go with you ask a friend to take her in or send her to some one who boards cats for a small charge, but a homelike pussy is not likely to be happy in a strange place.

How Many "G" Birds?

ALFRED I. TOOKE

There are quite a number of bird names that begin with G. There are goldfinch, gerfalcon, guinea-fowl, and so on. How many bird names beginning with G can you find in the bird square? There are at least a dozen. Answers next month.



The Hunter and the Goose

MYRTLE G. BURGER

*He shot the wild goose on the wing;
It fell, a still, insensate thing.
Torn were those wings that cleft the sky,
Silent the wild throat's haunting cry
Which sounded from the creature's mouth
When the great wedge flew north or south.
Stilled was the strange instinctive urge
Which made desire within him surge
To follow after the summer's call
To warmth and comfort and food for all.
Now let his wild mate droop forlorn,
Companionless upon the morn.
No man may guess her sorrow dim
And she, perhaps, may fall like him
Who lies so still and silent there
Dropped from the free and lovely air.
A battered lump of lifeless clay
The wild goose by the hunter lay.
And he whose need was not for meat
Glanced toward the creature at his feet
With a pleased smile upon his lip
At what he called his sportsmanship.*

Southward Bound

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL

ON hot afternoons, after working in the fields all day, we go down to the brook for a bath. It was the brook, more than anything else, that decided us to buy this farm, and so far we have not regretted it. Under the trees the air is cool, but in little patches of sunlight the dragonflies dart here and there. The surface of the water is barely ruffled by the current, but we remember days after torrential rains when this gentle stream became a raging yellow torrent, a good ten feet deep, roaring down to the river with a grinding of boulders heard above the sound of rushing waters, and bearing aloft trees, fence-posts and hen-coops.

In the summer, though, it is peaceful, sleepy, its spring-fed waters cold as ice. Coming down from the fields exhausted, caked with dust, we slip out of our clothes and lie in the shallows. After the first shock, new life seems to course through our veins and our tired minds begin to plan new work for the morrow.

One day we started downhill. As we neared the brook we heard a curious sound. Upon investigation we saw a tiny black duckling, paddling around and around in a tiny pool and uttering loud cries. As we approached it dashed away into the bushes, but we caught it after lacerating our hands and faces in the blackberry thicket.

It had a length of red string tied to its foot, showing that it was not wild, but its struggles and cries indicated that it was terrified at our approach. It happened that we had a brood of half-grown ducklings near the barn, so we put the little wild fellow with them. In two days it ruled the duckyard, snatching its food from the very mouths of its foster-brothers and sisters, and driving them away from the water fount when it was thirsty.

In time it became very tame, and when it was full-grown was beyond all shadow of doubt, a female mallard. All winter she remained, but in the spring she took to wandering off with an old drake and finally disappeared altogether.

I was grubbing out stumps one day not long afterwards when I came upon one that was hollow. I looked into the hole and there, within two feet of my eyes, was the duck, sitting so quietly that I could hardly believe that she was there. She had pulled twigs and dried leaves over her back, and her plumage was so nearly the same shade that it was impossible to see where the leaves stopped and feathers began. She did not protest when I lifted her gently from her nest. Underneath her were ten eggs.

She returned to the barnyard one day with nine little ducklings. No hen nor rooster could approach within ten yards without the gallant little mother driving them away with bristling plumage and angry hisses. The little family grew until they were larger than their mother. All seemed tame and quiet.

One day in late October I was feeding the ducks. The sky was gray, the grass stiff with frost. Suddenly, from overhead came a wild shrill call, and looking up I saw a flight of wild ducks, hurling themselves toward the South, while they called to each other from time to time. As I gazed, there was a sudden flapping of wings and my flock of ducks, with their mother, rose aloft with clamorous outcry and sped after their wild cousins. In a minute they had disappeared, never to return.

The saluki, a hunting dog bred in Arabia, Persia and Egypt for more than 6,000 years, is supposed to have the oldest pedigree in existence.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Executing Your Own Will

AN ANNUITY PLAN

You give to either of our two Societies any sum of money, and it will be used for the humane objects for which the Society is chartered.

The Society will pay you semi-annual, during your lifetime a fixed income on the sum given, depending upon your age at the time of the gift.

In other words, you receive an assured income during your lifetime, and thereafter your gift will be used solely for the charitable purpose for which you made it.

ADVANTAGES

It is no experiment,

There is no anxiety,

No fluctuations in rate of income,

No commissions,

No legal expenses,

No inheritance taxes,

No waste of your estate by will-contest.

CONVENIENCES

An income guaranteed to you during life by a financially sound corporation, the work of which dates from the year 1868.

Your gift will not be subject to market fluctuations, or to the necessity of reinvestment at stated or unexpected periods.

Your money, given while you live, can never be diverted to any other purpose.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, Chairman of the Board, First Boston Corporation; Charles G. Bancroft, Vice-President and Treasurer of United Shoe Machinery Corporation; and Philip Stockton, Chairman of Executive Committee, First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may, by this arrangement, obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of unfortunate animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitled the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
Children's			\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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